

P O E M S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S

A N D

O C C A S I O N S;

(From the Author's Manuscript, in the Hands of
the Editor.)

B Y

Mrs. S A V A G E;

In Two Volumes,

VOL. II.

L O N D O N : P R I N T E D F O R C . P A R K E R ,
I N N E W B O N D - S T R E E T . M , D C C , L X X V I I .



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ERRATA in VOL. II.

Page 8, line 13, read *that may by help* instead of *that by the*

— 9, — 10, read *complaisance* instead of *compliance*

— 15, two lines left out, to be inserted the 3d and 4th lines, viz.

The heart, with due repentance glows,

Forgives past ills, and seeks repose,

Page 19, (the direct word) read *'Till* instead of *As*

— 20, line 4, read *Drag* instead of *Brag*

— 32, — 4, dele *to*

— — Stanza the 2d, after *musè* add *to sing*

— 34, line 2, read *day* instead of *ray*

— 35, — 10, read *unmark'd* instead of *unmar'd*

— 36, — 5, read *thankful* instead of *thoughtful*

— 61, — 1, read *bated* instead of *beated*

— — — 7, read *tear* instead of *fear*

— 64, — 3, read *deems* instead of *teems*

— 66, — 10, read *partakes* instead of *pertakes*

— 67, — 12, read *not us* instead of *us not*

— 77, — 2, read *expressive* instead of *oppressive*

— 81, — 7, read *Was* instead of the first *As*

— 83, — 3, read *Caitif wile* instead *Cailif wile*

— — — 6, read *nor* instead of *or*

THE HISTORY OF THE

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ODE TO HOPE.

♦♦♦♦ AIR HOPE exert thy pow'r,

♦ F ♦ And kindly let each hour,

♦♦♦♦ Partake thy vivid dye ;

To raise the downcast eye,

That fix'd, attentive broods o'er anxious care,

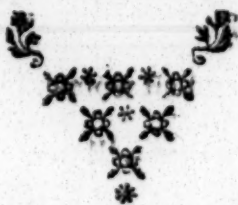
Blind to thy charms, the slave of black despair.

Quick to my breast repair,
 And build thy temple there ;
 And as handmaids bring with thee,
 Cheerful thoughts and fancy free ;
 Then let thy pencil such sweet scenes display,
 That present ills unmark'd, may glide away.

Let thy softest tints portray,
 Love sincere without dismay,
 Tender, faithful, free from pride,
 Nor to want, or state allied,
 Far, far remov'd be every jealous care,
 And oh! take heed INDIFFERENCE come not there.

Let

Let the distant prospect be,
 Scenes of sweet Felicity,
 Such as virtuous minds shall know,
 When releas'd from human woe :
 Give me to think each lively image true,
 I'll bless thy pow'r, and bid my fears adieu.





LETTER TO MISS E. B.

ON MARRIAGE.

HOW oft my dearest friend we find,
Precepts to mend all woman kind :

For every HE that writes will say,
'Tis his, to mark the surest way,
To form the tender virgin's mind,
And teach the wife, a path to find ;

In

In which she may as easy walk,
 As blind horse, in a mill may stalk :
 Provided she will but attend,
 To what he says ; who is her friend :
 And were he blest but with a wife,
 Would best of husbands make for life.

First take says he—a man of sense,
 Who neither breeding wants, nor pence,
 Then (mind your part,) to him allow,
 Obedience, as you're bound by vow ;
 No secrets have, nor in your mind,
 Let jealous thoughts a harbour find ;
 Be always chearful, neat, and tight,
 Nor ever soar above your height ;

B ;

But

But keep within the female sphere,
 And always think his judgment clear;
 If passion in his eye should roll,
 Or pow'r of wine his sense controul;
 Answer him mild, upbraid him not,
 But kindly let it be forgot:
 His friends with chearfulness receive,
 Each character he draws, believe,
 Let home and children be your care,
 For every wish should center there.

To each fair female, blest with sense,
 Here's nought advanc'd to give offence.
 For you (I doubt not) understand,
 That love had first the greatest hand,

In bringing these good folks together,
 Else rules would be more light than feather;
 Which passion's blast, would puff away,
 And in their place, disgust would stay.

But is it all our debt to pay,
 And have we nothing left to say?
 Must every she, that's in the state,
 Submission find for self and mate?
 And would it be a sin 'gainst heav'n,
 To say the sex's faults are even?
 And beg, (our errors clearly shown,)—
 They'd condescend to mend their own,
 And mind the maxims of their schools,
 Example teaches more than rules;

'But here 'tis fit, I should make known,
 Altho' I write to you alone,
 That what I say, is not confin'd,
 To one; but meant to all mankind;
 No single character I draw,
 Nor dare to think my words a law,
 But observation oft will teach,
 What wisdom's pow'r may fail to reach.

Mankind should hope in wedlock's state,
 A friend to find as well as mate:
 And e'er the charms of person fails,
 Enquire what merit there remains,
 That by the help of their wife pate,
 Be taught thro' life to bless the state:

And

And oft they'd find by their own fire,
 What they in others so admire.
 But as 'tis law, that each good wife,
 Should true submission, show for life;
 What's right at home they often flight,
 What's right abroad, shines very bright.

Each female would have regal pow'r,
 But every male wants something more;
 And that same balsam to the mind,
 Which both would in compliance find,
 Is to this very time, and hour,
 Miscall'd by them, the want of pow'r,
 Then right of privilege they claim,
 For every fair, to vow a flame,

Which

Which we are bound, with partial eye,
 To find of true platonick dye;
 For they've so fix'd the certain rule,
 How far with ladies they may fool,
 That 'tis impossible they can,
 Go wrong——tho' not a man,
 Among them all would patience find,
 If lady-wife should be inclin'd,
 To praise each swain, whose face or wit,
 Might chance her sprightly mind to hit.

Then there's a something in the mind,
 That is not only just—but kind;
 That's fix'd to neither taste, nor sense,
 Nor to be taught by eloquence;

But

But yet is that which gives a grace,
 To every feature of the face;
 And is the surest chance for ease,
 I mean a strong desire to please.
 But own I must, (tho' tis with shame,)
 Both parties are in this to blame;
 They take great pains to come together,
 Then squabble for a straw, or feather;
 And oft I fear a spark of pride,
 Prevails too much on either side.

Then hear my girl——if 'tis your lot
 To marry, be not this forgot;
 That neither sex must think to find,
 Perfection in the human kind;

Each

Each has a fools cap—and a bell—
 And what is worfe, can't always tell,
 (While they have got it on their head,))
 How far astray they may be led.
 Let it be then your mutual care,
 That never both at once may wear,
 This fatal mark of reason's loss,
 That whirlwind like the soul does toss.
 Obtain this point, and friendship's pow'r,
 Will rise and blefs each future hour.



NIGHT.



NIGHT. AN ODE.

IN the dead stillness of the night,
 When the lamp's dull blinking light
 Casts round my bed a gloomy shade,
 Oft I invoke the Muse's aid ;
 In hopes to paint,
 In tints, tho' faint,
 Some pleasing image memory retains,
 Or dress the instant whim that fancy frames.

The

The tranſient thought quick paſſes o'er,
 The gay intent will pleaſe no more ;
 The mind, diſtreſs'd, recalls paſt ills ;
 A heaving ſigh the boſom fills ;
 A poignant dart
 Then wounds the heart ;
 No chearing thought exerts its pow'r,
 HOPE falls a victim to the gloomy hour ;
 'Till, nature's kind relief,
 Big tears diſpel the grief ;
 Then reaſon takes the ſlacken'd rein,
 Forbids complaint (complaint how vain !)
 New wiſhes riſe, kind HOPE returns,
 With faith, devout, the boſom burns ;

Depend^s

Depends on Heav'n, all grief to cure

(By *one* great sacrifice made sure)

A placid calm the mind obtains

Devotion pure the soul enchains,

Pray'r makes the paths of peevish nature even,

And opens, in the breast, a little heav'n.





“ I am convinced that dotage, tho’ the usual, is
 “ not a necessary effect of age ;—but the mind
 “ grows indolent about the middle stage of life ;
 “ and the exercise of reading and reflection,
 “ which is requisite to prevent our sense and ap-
 “ prehension from stagnating becomes too great
 “ a labour to us, unless a happy and more early
 “ habit should have rendered it easy and familiar.”

NINON DE L’ENCLOS, Vol. I. page 45,
 Translator to the Reader.

ON the DIFFICULTY of GROWING OLD.

WHEN memory recalls our infant hours,
 Remark, my friend, how trifling they appear;
 How lightly we esteem those gilded toys,
 Which,

Which, then possess'd, bestow'd supreme delight.

Then eager, pressing forward into life,

We blam'd the flow-pac'd minutes as they ran,

And fancy'd joy annexed to life's gay prime.

By inclination led to different schemes,

Grandeur, and pow'r, soft love, or mighty gold,

Exert their sway, and rule the anxious throng;

And self-applause, approving every act,

Gives flattering hope each wish shall be possess'd.

Reflect, (alas! how common is the thought

By sad experience taught) how few have reach'd

The wish'd for state.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, steals a joy,
 And each day mourns a disappointed former:
 By unperceiv'd degrees life's prime decays,
 Neglected passing, and regreted past.

But when, from added years, we first perceive
 The loss of youth, how slow the steps we take ;
 With what reluctance quit the former scene!
 No longer lightly we esteem past joys ;
 No longer drive the tardy minutes on ;
 But fondly wishing for past hours again,
 Pursue youth's paths, nor feel that time still flies.

At

At rising life we scorn'd our infant joys,
At its decline, with timid glance, we view
Approaching age,—and blush at mem'ry's length.

But chief the fair (forbid to mourn, or boast
Their conquests past) regret their loss of charms,
When reason rising, as the form decays,
Serves but to strongly point their empire lost.

Lord of his words, man longer may conceal
His date of age,—and fancy conquests still.

Each, for a while, defer the mighty change;
Making an uncouth pause; 'twixt youth and age;

"Till tir'd with trying to retard the hour,
 At length they follow nature's great behests,
 And from reflection of a youth misused,
 Brag out a churlish age, devoid of ease;
 And ill judg'd alms, with grudging hand dis-
 pense,
 To bribe a pardon for a life of sin.

Yet hard the sentence that shall dare pronounce,
 Age of itself can render life despised.
 There are, who happy in a mind serene,
 With conscious pleasure scan their actions past,
 Nor find a cause to bid their blushes rise,
 But for the errors of unguarded youth;

Whose

Whose thoughts rais'd high, depend on heav'n for
 joy,
 Gliding, with chearful ease, thro' length of days,
 Nor hope aught here but what content can give.





ODE, TO A HEART IN LOVE.

AT length, fond heart, thou must submit,
And own thy self for love unfit ;

Let not thy fluttering thus proclaim

[Thy rising joy at STREPHON's name ;

Nor more, in sighs that pain the ear,

Fond slave to love ! confess thy fear ;

Forgo

Forego this anxious care to please,

That robs thy every hour of ease.

Why, when he smiles, should rapture fill the eyes,

And hide those smiles from which the raptures rise?

Yet, if a frown upon his brow appears,

Thou can'st but shape those raptures into tears.

Know, simple heart! 'tis all in vain;

These symptoms but increase thy pain;

In thee, from nature, void of art,

They speak too plain, thou simple heart!

Would'st thou learn the way to please,

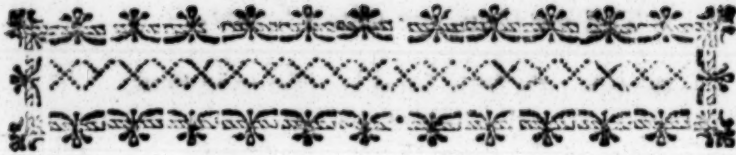
Flatter, sigh, and seem at ease;

Nor be to one thy thoughts confin'd,

But gaily seem to each inclin'd;

'Nor dare thou in the eye appear,
 When the much-loved object's near:
 Know, love must now on fashion wait,
 Then cease, fond heart! to mourn thy fate.
 For thou, alas! nor pow'r, or art can'st find,
 To change the dictates of thy faithful mind;
 Then cease complaint, to STRYPHON still be just,
 And lay conceal'd, 'till with a sigh thou burst.





A

TRANSIENT THOUGHT.

I.

I A I M not to decide the case,

What most declare, full sure I know :

“ The feeling heart must bear distress ;

“ And ease must from indifference flow.

II.

II.

Tell me then, ye minds serene,
Whose ease doth from indifference flow,
When first began the happy scene,
And how ye conquer'd every woe.

III.

For never yet, from nature's hand,
Was destin'd thro' the world to go,
A heart, with feelings at command,
To take its choice, of joy, or woe.

IV.

IV.

Witness the infant's poignant grief,
When from its eye the nurse is hid,
With scorn, it flights your fond relief,
And sobbing hangs its drooping head.

V.

Or if perchance, with wiley art,
She but affects some sad distress,
Quick throbbings move its little heart,
And vain attempts, speak wish'd redress.

VI.

VI

Emotions kind, design'd thro' life,
To constitute the faithful friend,
To form the father, husband, wife,
And make each joy, on all depend.

VII.

Unless repeated ills intrude,
To check kind nature's first intent,
And wearied by ingratitude,
The heart grows steel'd to each event.

VIII.

VIII.

Then haughty pride in man presides,
To brave the ills he cannot cure ;
And art, the tear of pity hides,
When others feel what we endure.

IX.

External mirth employs each hour,
With false pretence the world to please,
While habit; (borrowing nature's pow'r,)
Indifference gains, and calls it ease.

X.

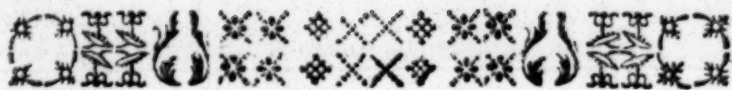
X.

Free then they leave our claim to joy,
As free they leave our sad distress,
Nor can another's ills annoy,
The heart, which asks not here to bless.

XI.

But Oh ! to me those moments spare
By which the feeling heart can live,
To take of grief and joy my share,
And blest by others, blessings give.

To



To Mr. R——d C——k, on his purchasing the house at CHERTSEY, where COWLEY died.

ODE TO THE MANES OF COWLEY.

OH! come sweet muse, with me retire,

To where thy COWLEY did expire;

To the grove, and to the field,

Which to him did pleasure yield;

Where

Where he pass'd his latter days,
 Shunning courts, and shunning praise;
 Thither come and touch thy lyre,
 And to me, thy humble slave, inspire
 With purest thoughts, sublime, refin'd,
 Such as possess'd his favour'd mind.

II.

There beg his aid, sweet muse,
 The raptures faithful love can bring;
 Request again, he'll tell thee true,
 What pangs ill fated love pursue;
 He'll name the shaft that wounds each heart,
 With thrilling, joy, or poignant smart:

For

For sure he knew—he could not feign,
 All love's pleasure—all love's pain ;
 “ That panting, trembling, sighing, dying,”
 That jealous anguish hope denying,
 Which a lover's breast must feel,
 Disclose with fear, with pain conceal ;
 He can teach thee how to dress,
 All that fancy would express ;
 Riding triumphant on love's flutt'ring wing,
 He view'd each heart, and mov'd each secret string.

III.

Or passing o'er the fire of youth,
 Wou'd thy soul seek for sacred truth,

Vol. II.

D

intreat

For

Intreat him to impart the lay,
 Prophetic of that heav'nly ray,
 Which inspir'd him when he sung,
 Of David, Jesse's much lov'd son;
 Of his valour, rais'd to fame,
 By the proud Goliath's shame;
 Of that friendship, far above
 "All that e'er was called love"
 Which join'd, in sacred bands, his honest heart
 With Jonathan's, its faithful counter-part.

IV.

Perhaps too much I did thee ask,
 If so——decline the arduous task;

Living

Living, to thee, he well might spare,
 Of genius, a sufficient share ;
 For half that he possessest, would spread thy fame,
 To praise give birth, and gain an endless name :
 Yet sure with gentle smile, he'll deign to hear,
 And lend one pious sigh to waft my pray'r,
 That, tho' unblest with his poetic fire,
 My heart, like his, to virtue may aspire,
 That peace and competence may be my lot,
 By fame unmar'd—but not by friends forgot,
 “ For ne'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
 “ With any wish so mean as to be great ;”

D 2

That

ing

That chearful ease, to act the allotted part,
 May lift to Heaven, with thanks a grateful
 heart,
 And give a seeming length to life's short line,
 Passing unmark'd, the trace of its decline ;
 " Pleas'd with the present hour, and thoughtful for
 the past,
 Neither to fear, or wish, th' approaches of the last."





INDOLENCE AND FOLLY.

A TALE.

TO A SCHOOL BOY.

Of all the blessings heaven bestows,
And plenteously its bounty flows,
“ Time, when but rightly understood,
“ Is the most real earthly good.”

A Simple youth, one INDOLENCE,
To whom all learning gave offence,
Tho’ long at school the lad had staid,
(And pounds and pounds his father paid)

D 3

Could

Could ne'er be brought to write and read,
 Or say by heart his task or creed.
 His master preach'd, encourag'd, flogg'd;
 He ne'er a whit the faster jogg'd:
 Of promises he was not slack,
 Just whilst the lash hung o'er his back;
 But still he let time pass away,
 And did but nothing all the day.
 The school hour o'er, when others run,
 And jump to find their task is done,
 'This slug would ne'er their joy partake,
 But always some excuse would make;
 If hot he'd dose, if cold he'd shake.

}

Fetch'd

Fetch'd home, at last, by tender dad,
 Carefs'd by friends, genteely clad ;
 Oft introduced where men of sense
 Of learning talked (with eloquence.)
 Parties were made his taste to hit,
 By freedom, pleasure, mirth and wit ;
 Whate'er the point, 'twas all in vain.
 Of FOLLY next he join'd the train,
 With whom he made a strict alliance,
 And bid to care and thought defiance.

This FOLLY was a rambling lad,
 Who no instruction ever had,
 Yet, led by him, young INDOLENCE
 Was taught the way to waste his pence ;

Was dragg'd by him to public places,
 To ladies, horses, hounds and races ;
 And drawn as often into scrapes,
 From whence, with broken head, he 'scapes ;
 Or else was forc'd to go to law,
 For quarrelling about a straw ;
 'Till one sad day, as they together
 Were faunt'ring out they knew not whither,
 MISFORTUNE met them on the way,
 And roughly order'd them to stay ;
 Then, fixing round their neck a chain,
 Oblig'd them with her to remain.

Long time, supine, they bore their state,
 Rather than try to mend their fate,

For

For INDOLENCE no efforts made,
And FOLLY knew not to persuade.

At length MISFORTUNE fix'd the hour
When she resolv'd to shew her pow'r,
'Twas then she sent (to make them feel)
REFLECTION, with her rod of steel;
Severe the lashes which she gave,
With threats that reach'd beyond the grave:
No longer hours of ease they knew,
Even HOPE its friendly aid withdrew;
'Till scanning o'er their actions past,
The truth they stumbled on at last,
That *Time*, mispent, had been their bane,
Which nothing could recall again.

Many

Many an ardent wish they frame,
 (But wishes are an empty name)
 When PRUDENCE (tender hearted maid)
 Now proffer'd them her friendly aid ;
 A scheme she plan'd which broke the chain,
 And set the culprits free again,
 Who now on industry depend,
 Assisted by this faithful friend,
 Determined, whilst they have the pow'r,
 To use, and not abuse each hour.





THE REASON WHY CUCKOLDS
GO TO HEAVEN.

NOT at all in a humour a letter to write,
And as little dispos'd to converse as indite,
Away with the paper, the pen, and the ink;
A book may amuse me—I'll not fit and think.

JANE—

THE

JANE—give me that volume—they're sermons you
say;

Then give me the next—and take this away,
'Tis a dozen of old magazines bound together,
That ten years ago, once a month were brought hither;

Come, let me have that then—perhaps it may do,
Though the news must be old, yet the tales may be
new.

Oh! here seems to be one (if the author speaks
truth)

Will account for an adage, I've heard from my youth;
That cuckolds on earth should submit to their woe,
For to Heaven at last they most certainly go;

But

But why their kind stars such a boon should impart,
For possessing a title they hate from their heart ;
I am yet at a loss —— let me see what he says :

From the very beginning of Lucifer's days,
The name of a cuckold oft came to his ear,
But, not that he knew of, did one e'er appear ;
He enquir'd of each party that enter'd his gate,
Are you, fir, a cuckold?——I pray you relate ;
Each aver'd he was not—and then swore by his life,
If he doubted his word, he'd appeal to his wife.

The Devil grew cross, I'm determin'd (quoth he)
I never will rest till this cuckold I see.

Come

Come here thou fly imp——to a spright who stood
by ;

'Take this sack at thy back, for to earth thou must
hie,

And traverse it o'er till this creature you get,
Then bring it to us in the bottomless pit.

Away flies the imp from the place of his birth,
And by instinct alights on the face of the earth;
Where he rambled about for many a day,
But the prize which he sought for, ne'er came in
his way.

All inquiry was vain, for not one would allow
That antlers had ever been plac'd on his brow :

At

At last thinks the spright—no more questions I'll
ask,

But try if by art I can conquer my task;
For I really believe these mortals I see,
Have a spice of our nature, and liars may be;
If so, from some friend, who is now become foe,
The secret I want I shall certainly know.

Resolv'd on this plan, 'twas his business to wait,
When he chanced two neighbours to hear in debate,
For many an error, each other they chide,
And their passion reveals what their prudence should
hide:

At last in a rage, says the one with a blow,
Your a cuckold I swear, and can prove it you know.

The

The party accus'd not a word had to say,
 But, making the most of his time, ran away.
 Oh, ho ! quoth the imp, but you don't get off so ;
 I shall follow you hard—in my sack you shall go :
 So saying, unseen, he ran close by his side,
 'Till arrived at a place where he no one espy'd ;
 Then appearing, at once, in his natural shape,
 'Tis in vain, my good friend, to attempt an escape,
 You're the person I want :—here, get into my sack,
 And when it's shut close, you must up on my back.

Not so fast, Mr. Imp, if you please, says the man ;
 I by no means, at present approve of your plan.

Here a battle ensu'd—and the imp, by his might,
 Had well nigh obtained a conqueror's right,
 When a large mastiff dog (who was sleeping hard by
 On his master's old coat) was awak'd by their cry;
 And mistaking the imp for an object of prey,
 Attempted to seize, and soon drove him away.

The cuckold releas'd thus, fresh courage obtain'd,
 And a hope of revenge now his bosom inflam'd;
 When observing a man by the side of a hedge,
 Who was cleaving of wood with a beetle and
 wedge;
 To him he apply'd—we'll suppose what he said,
 Found the dog to be his—bought—took him—and
 paid;

Then away with his purchase he flew to the sack,
Which the imp, in his fright, had forgot to take
back,

And quickly obliging the dog to get in,
The sack clos'd itself (which enchanted had been)
Then retiring aloof, to observe the event,
He presently found out a cause of content.

The imp, in distress, came to look for his sack,
(For his hopes were all o'er, yet he fear'd to go back)
When perceiving it move—"To be sure," says
the elf,

"The man, out of fear, has crept in of himself;
And concluding it so—he soon caught up the sack,
And stamping his foot, he was instantly back.

(For

(For Lucifer always is ready at hand,
To answer their call who obey his command).

Surrounded at once, by a circle of friends,
“ Applaud me,” says he, “ and make ample amends ;
“ For a plaguy long ramble has fure been my lot,
“ But, at last, in my clutches a cuckold I’ve got.”
Then approaching his monarch, with joy in h
eyes,
At the foot of his throne he submitted the prize.

Great Lucifer smil’d—and then call’d his divan ;
When to open the sack he with caution began,
When out bounc’d the mastiff, distracted with fear,
Tore some by the leg, and some more by the ear,

'Till each, in confusion, call'd out to his mate,
 With the best of his speed to set open the gate;
 Then joining their forces, the dog they attack,
 And quickly oblige him to find his way back;
 When bolting the gates, mighty Lucifer swore,
 No cuckold within them should ever come more.





TO THOUGHT.

SAY THOUGHT! what art thou, when, or
whence begun?

Thou constant inmate of the human heart!

Thou! who can'st chase from heavy eye-lids sleep,

E 3

Our

To

Our best relief; and wand'ring, lead to scenes
Of anxious woe, renewing every ill;
And in idea calling back the friend
Long lost; the last farewell, the death-bed groan;
The flight of haughty pride; the painful pangs
Of injur'd innocence; the heart felt sighs
Of meagre pining want; the hair breadth 'scares
From danger imminent; the tedious hours
Of hoping, wishing, disregarded love;
With every evil of our own, or others,
By thee awak'd; 'till the big tear o'erflow,
Or the full heart oppress'd shed sanguine drops
Of silent grief, submissive to thy sway.
Then, for a while, ev'n to thyself unknown,
Thou seem'st to cease—till startled from thy trance

By

By the fond fav'rite dog, or flutt'ring fly,
 Again thou'rt found—and found again, art free :
 When madly daring to pursue thy way,
 With fatal, false security of hope,
 Thou plan'st the actions of the fatal hour,
 And high elate, with bold prophetic joy,
 Anticipat'st the kind returning friend ;
 The beauteous infant grown to man's estate,
 Deservedly esteem'd, and amply blest
 With Fortune's gifts—or, in the acorn's bud,
 Tracing the branches of the oak, with slow
 Imaginary steps, o'er sultry plains,
 Panting with heat, thou go'st, in search of rest
 Beneath *its* shade—or to the fair belov'd,
 With tender looks, and faithful speaking sighs,

Declar'ft the paſſion long by fear conceal'd :
 Or lifted up beyond the azure ſky,
 Enquir'ft from whence yon mighty orb obtain'd
 Its light and heat?——or why this earth ſtill
 keeps
 One certain courſe?——how yonder hill was
 rais'd,
 And why that vale, with waving plenty crown'd,
 Repays the labour of the prudent hind?
 Whence the ſupply that fills the boiſt'rous ſea;
 Or in the river with a gentler courſe
 Glides o'er the plain, or murm'ring, in the brook,
 O'er poliſh'd pebbles, thro' the ruſtling reeds,
 Unknowing lulls thee into gentle ſlumbers?
 Or where began the riſing gale which wafts

Yon

Yon fleeting cloud—confus'dly bent t' explain,
The mighty pow'r which form'd this wondrous
globe.

'Till overcharg'd by thee, the heated brain
No longer subject to cool reason's sway,
Shoots into antic forms—or rais'd above
All earthly views, expanding, soars aloft
On angel's wings, to scenes of heav'nly bliss;
Or in the deep abyfs of sorrow plunging,
Incessant shudders at approaching woe.

Yet if deficient in thy force; how poor,
How simply vacant is the ideot's face;
How trifling are the hours employ'd,
Unblessing and unblest'd! they fill the share
Of time decreed, and sink to rest unmis'd.

But

But Oh! beyond description happy he!
Who nor becomes to thy behest a slave,
Or mourns thy absence at the hour of need;
But coolly viewing every passing woe,
Can snatch the present moment's fleeting joy,
Nor live in horror of the hour to come.





THE RESOLUTION.

AN ODE.

PEACE, peace, my throbbing heart;

How e'er distrest;

Confine thy torments to my breast;

Let not my babbling tongue disclose,

Where thy life blood secret flows.

Keep!

Keep! oh keep! from every ear,
 Every wish, and every fear,
 Trust not age, least ills, tho' past,
 Have taught it to deceive at last.
 Trust not youth, its heedless way,
 May, without intent, betray.

Tell not friend, oh! tell not foe,
 Where the heart's life blood doth flow;
 From that great chain, of which a part we make,
 Try if thou can'st thy single link to break.

Shun!

Shun ! oh shun ! the heated thought,
 Tho' too oft by wisdom taught ;
 Shall vile distrust, forbid to speak,
 The throblings of a heart distress'd,
 And in our own sad bosom keep,
 What friendship's care might hush to rest ;
 Deny the fear of grief to flow,
 Nor grant the ease of social woe.

No, try thy chance, be candid, just,
 To friendship's ear, e'en follies trust ;
 Take heed thy words, be all sincere,
 Then freely speak, and freely hear ;

To

To friendship's kind reproof lay bare thy heart,
 Tho' self-applause may shudder at the smart;
 Then, if betrayed, pity may ease thy pain,
 Falshood's the crime, being deceiv'd's no shame.





ON FRIENDSHIP.

In education all the diff'rence lyes,
 Woman, if taught, would be as bold and wise
 As haughty man—improv'd by arts and rules,
 Where GOD makes one—neglect makes twenty
 fools.

Lady ERWIN—To POPE.

ALAS! my ARIEL, long departed friend,
 Far better than myself could'st thou define
 That kind return of glowing, gen'rous warmth,
 Which friendship asks to make its bliss secure;

Whilst

Whilst vainly aiming to exalt its praise,
 I speak the dictates of a feeling heart,
 That teems the cordial drop of life, must mean
 The mind, dispos'd t'impart, and to receive,
 (Unconscious of reserve) the thoughts, the frailties,
 The whims spontaneous, that incessant float,
 And agitate the brain; promoting evil,
 And preventing good—unless kind Heaven
 In pity grant, that kindred souls unite;
 (For sure from heav'n in pairs, devoid of sex,
 The souls for friendship form'd, at first were sent,
 Which hap'ly meeting, kindle at the view)
 'Tis then the mind expands without restraint,
 And faithful friendship with true lustre shines;
 By far more poignant render'd, when, perchance,

Fate

Fate happens to enfold the counter parts
 In different sex—yet some there are who think,
 No female form was e'er endow'd with pow'rs
 To give or to receive this vital spark:
 Unfeeling sex—ye know not what ye loose—
 Too vainly boasting, of your fancy'd worth
 Your pride becomes your bane——

Constrain'd by judgment, ye confess the want
 Of friendship's force, amid your fellow males,
 Yet scorn to seek it in the female mind;
 And boldly dare pronounce, we ne'er were meant,
 For ought but sensual joys—but know there are
 Could even valour boast, to save a friend:
 Who prompt by folly to commit a fault,

F

Would

Would scorn evasion should conceal the ill ;
 Who waving pleasures vanity might yield
 Can ope the hand to ease the heart that aches ;
 Who tho' uncall'd to shine in publick view,
 With strictest justice, tread their narrow sphere
 And feel, (yes strongly feel.) the call of honor.
 Whose judgment equal to your own, can trace
 The latent springs, whence human woes arise.
 Whose constancy one single heart prefers.
 Who feel no joys but what the heart pertakes:
 Who think revenge beneath a noble mind.
 Who human frailties bear, in conscious hope
 That heav'n hereafter will remit their own ;
 And every ill but insult can forgive.

If thus our sex can feel—what ask ye more.
 I boast not all my sex—no—hard their hap ;
 Too early taught to bow at beauty's shrine,
 The charms of person only they regard
 And leave the mind a void——
 Enslav'd by flattery, half our sex are lost :
 Whilst yours indignant, are by interest sway'd:
 Hence 'mongst your selves, each other ye deceive,
 And few sincerely boast the name of friend ;
 But different sexes give a different sphere,
 And yours with freedom have a power to choofe :
 But custom's bond permits us not to search ;
 And whilst unfought for, what avails the heart,
 How e'er dispos'd, to join in friendship's bands,
 Unknown, unmark'd it broods o'er trifling themes

If

91

F 2

Or

Or elsecorrosive preying on its self

It inward pines——till unperceived it ends.



To



TO A SCHOOL-BOY AT ETON,

YES AND NO.

My dearest Boy

SINCE time begun,

Since earth, was earth, and fun, was fun;

Since thought by words was brought to light,

And answer mild, set passion right:

F 3

The

To

The hardest task assign'd to man,
 (Deny it lordlings if ye can.)
 In two short words has been confin'd,
 (I beg you'll keep them in your mind,
 For much upon their use depends,
 To make us still continue friends.)
 I mean the use of No, and YEA;
 They are but simple words you'll say,
 For surely ma'm, 'tis long ago,
 Since first I learn'd, both YES and No.
 I learnt them too, when I was young,
 But still they blunder on my tongue;
 And tho' unlike, as day to night,
 'Tis ten to one I use them right;

For

For YES will run, when NO should drudge,

Or YES wont stir, and NO will trudge;

And sure if they'll dispute with me,

They wont, (as yet;) with ye agree.

But that you may a little guard,

Against their blows, when they come hard,

We'll state a few familiar cases,

To take the masque from both their faces.

If you an apple tree should spy

With fruit delicious, hanging high

Secure from sight, and out of bounds,

Where no prepos'ter comes his rounds,

And chum's at hand, to lend a lift
 To have a taste, you might make shift
 And YEs would, then, with all its force,
 As sure be first, as headstrong horse :
 But should, by chance, the fact be known,
 Or pain in stomach cause a groan,
 And make your worship cry out, oh !
 Then how you'll wish you had said No.

In winter's morn, if ice abound,
 Or white with snow appears the ground;
 Or heavy rain from clouds descend,
 Or stormy winds the branches rend ;
 Should you submit to wicked No,
 And lay in bed, whilst others go

With

With cautious steps and well conn'd book,
To watch the Doctor's mystic look ;
When next you're call'd, and found to fail,
You'll grieve that YEs did not prevail.

Return'd to school, with cash in hand,
Full near your elbow YEs will stand:
In tempting shape of top, and whip,
Or hoop to drive, or rope to skip,
E'er long as swift as lightning run,
For hackney tit, or boat, or gun;
Perhaps some buck, with lively face,
More full of spirit than of grace,
With gay deportment may advance
A scheme at cards, to try your chance :

Or

Or else advise a chearful glaſs,
 A few years hence, perhaps a laſs ;
 Unmark'd the caſh will glide away,
 And nought but empty pockets ſtay,
 Then if a friend diſtreſs'd ſhould come
 And aſk your help—— what ſays my ſon,
 A trifling Yes has rul'd my day ;
 I nought for thee but fighs can pay.
 'Tis fit that pleaſure have a ſhare,
 Always to labour who can bear,
 But prior claims in life you'll find,
 When ſocial duties touch your mind ;
 And times flow hand ſhall point the way,
 Where to bjeſt, and when obey :

A taskt oo hard for me to teach ;
Should I proceed you'd say I preach.

A few words more and I am off :
At prudence fools will often scoff ;
If you a parent's look attend,
Or fear in play to hurt a friend,
And wont your *only* farthing lend,
You'll be the jest of every wight,
Whose passions are his rule of right.

But let the laugh go ever so,
Be virtue's friend, and vice's foe,
And never blush at proper No.

ODE



O D E T O S I L E N C E.

I.

GODDESS of the midnight hour,
 Lead me, lead me to thy bow'r,
 Where the listening ear, no more
 May hear deep sighs, from anguish pour;
 Where no sad tale, of woe is told,
 Of love despised, and friendship cold;
 Where no evasive words deceive,
 With cruel taunts the heart to grieve;

Where

Where friendly converse never hears the hour,
Nor words oppressive, paint fair reasons power;
Where scandal sleeps; and wit its dart refrains,
And folly, by thy aid, unmark'd remains.

II.

Say, Goddess of the midnight hour,
Should my footsteps reach thy bow'r,
Should I thy strict votary be,
Hast thou a charm, to set me free,
When gloomy thoughts the mind invade,
Or can'st thou speed the hope delay'd;
No Goddess,— no, — thy power is too confin'd;
Thou may'st conceal, but canst not heal the mind.

III.

III.

Yet take me goddess to thy care,
 And let me thy protection share,
 When tired with folly, noise and strife,
 " And all the busy ills of life, "
 The anxious mind, intreats repose,
 From present sorrows, present woes ;
 And gladly to thy bow'r would haste,
 Reflection's charms, in peace to taste,
 Where pious thoughts, may form a silent prayer,
 To heaven resigning, every anxious care.
 And oh ! sweet goddess, should the muse descend,
 And grant a transient thought, be then my friend.



The Author had informed her Friend, that among other amusements she had diverted her self with taming two Sparrows—in answer to which her Friend sent the following paragraph in her next letter—

‘What a whimsical account do you give of the
‘avocations that take up your time; among which
‘taming of Sparrows seems to be one part—if you
‘can bring them to draw your chariot, I beseech
‘you to direct their flight our way—with what
‘pleasure shall I see them fluttering their little
‘wings and gently descending for you to alight
‘at our door—’

THE DISASTER.

BY Sparrows drawn, there's now no chance,
To see your car-born friend advance.

A dire difaster—hang the cat;

Far better had she kill'd a rat,

Supinely

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Supinely

Supinely seated in my chair,
 And building castles in the air,
 Contriving how to form the traces,
 And where to fix the springs and braces,
 To make my car secure and tight,
 And guide the little flutt'ers right ;
 A buzzing fly sports round my head,
 And strait the airy castle fled.

My son with arm of mighty force,
 Soon stopt the fly's progressive course,
 The trembling insect fast he held,
 With joy elate his bosom swell'd,
 And thus he spoke to Dick and Phill,
 I give this victim to your will.

Then

Then op'd the cage, that each might vie,
 To seize the half expiring fly ;
 With wings out spread to try their chance,
 The little chirpers soon advance:
 With tail erect, and back raised high,
 The cat appeared—her sparkling eye,
 As green as is the emerald's dye:
 With out stretch'd paw, and lofty bound,
 She gave poor dick a fatal wound

}

Oh! dire mishap oh! fell despair
 His fleeting breath was lost in air ;
 Struck with the sight, fix'd pale and dumb,
 (Like coward when he hears a drum.)

G

The

The youth remain'd—but kindled rage,
 Glows on my cheeks—and war I wage;
 While pufs exulting o'er the prey,
 Effays in vain to break away;
 With hand of force, I grip'd her throat,
 (Her life was then not worth a groat.)
 Unfeeling wretch, declare I say,
 Deep mischief brooding, where you lay;
 Unloose thy hold, release the corse,
 Nor tear those limbs with brutal force;
 'Twas impious theft, that prompts the deed,
 But impious theft, shall ne'er succeed;
 Nor shalt thou bear the prize away,
 Grimalkin hold—I charge thee stay.

Life

Life now no longer swells his breast,
Yet safe entomb'd my bird shall rest.

But Cailif vile, live thou disgrac'd,
Nor ever more of sparrow taste,
Thy share of toast, and cream shall fail,
Or e'er in mirth pursue thy tail.
No tender mouse shall grace thy dish,
Nor shalt thou ever taste of fish;
At dreary eve of winters day,
Warm by the fire each cat shall lay,
Whilst thou shut out, shall mew in vain,
Expos'd to storms of wind and rain;
Through pools of wet be forc'd to tramp,
Thy limbs benumb'd with painful cramp.

With trembling nerves and glaring eye,
She heard my threats without reply.

Firm in my hand I held her still,
To show I had the power to kill;
Then rais'd her high, to strike the blow,
And lay the sprawling victim low;
But rage subsides—to give her pain,
Would not bring back poor dick again.
Grimalkin go—thy life I spare,
But never more my friendship share.

His mate poor Phill, in silence mourns,
And pensive to the cage returns.

While

While I lament the fatal day,
 That snatch'd my flatt'ring hopes away ;
 For never yet in one horse chair,
 Did god or goddess mount in air;
 And shall a mortal dare to fly,
 With single sparrow thro' the sky,
 No—rather let me wait my doom
 And in my husband's chariot come.





ON THE DEATH OF A
SPARROW.

FAIR Lesbia for her sparrow mourn'd,
Alas! he was but fled;
But far more poignant is my grief,
I mourn my sparrow dead.

No

No beauteous plumage deck'd his form,

No musick swell'd his throat,

A russet brown his best attire,

A chirp his native note.

But ne'er did he a flatterer prove,

Or aim at being great,

Yet sure he claim'd some share of love ;

Whose heart knew no deceit.

Then if per chance, in future time,

A stone be o'er him laid,

As custom bids, inscribe a line ;

And let it thus be said.

Here lies entomb'd, a favourite bird,
 Whose merit was not great,
 But fortune gave him many friends,
 And plenty without state;

When young belov'd,
 When old respected,
 He ne'er was thwarted,
 Or neglected.

Ten years he lived,
 (For him an age.)
 Ublemished in his fame,
 Happy the man of whom 'tis known,
 Such merit crowns his name.

Peace

Peace then poor Philip to thy grave,
 May nought disturb thy dust,
 Thy mistress owns for thee she wept,
 And thinks her tears were just.



THE



THE LIVING READING DESK,

From a Verbal Translation of a French Tale.

IN former days as authors say,
When monks did little else but pray ;
Far from the city's wild alarm,
And safe from every earthly harm :

A knot of holy men there dwelt,

('Tis said they true contentment felt:)

Retir'd from all the world beside,

Their wants within their walls supply'd;

The garden, or the choir they tread,

As hunger, or devotion led.

No coaches rattled at their gate,

No footmen crowd their door for state ;

A sober matron old and neat,

To milk their cows and dress their meat ;

A boy to wheel the dirt about,

And sweep each day the chapel out ;

To ring the bell at eve and morn,

And turn the mill, to grind the corn ;

Were

Were all the household they possess,
Their own industry did the rest.

It hap'd one day the boy had stray'd,
In search of eggs, by magpye laid:
From bough to bough, he cautious past,
With hands and legs, still holding fast;
At length the wish'd for prize he gain'd,
And in his pocket safe detain'd;
Success, (alas! too fatal truth,)
Had taken off his guard the youth,
For coming down with too much haste,
His foot on broken bough he plac'd;
When prone he fell—and in his fall,
The eggs were broke—but worse than all,

A wicked splinter in his way,
In breeches made a hedious fray ;
The loss of eggs he'd patient born,
But what redress for breeches torn :
Full well he knew that would betray,
That he too far had been astray.

Homeward he sped with heavy woe,
Whilst tears adown his cheeks did flow
But wisely judging 'twas in vain,
For evils past to suffer pain,
And having found without a jest,
That speaking truth was always best,
Free from reserve, the tale he told,
To matron—who began to scold.

I ne'er (said Jack) did so before,
Nor will I do so any more,
In kindness mother spare the switch,
And put a patch upon my breech.

Her heart relents—for once said she,
I'll set you from your troubles free,
But fresh distress arose my friend,
With what the breeches she should mend.

She studied long—at last says she,
In an old box without a key,
Safe plac'd behind the chapel door,
Of volumes large there lies a store,

Of parchment strong their leaves are made,
They'll do the job—I'm sure—the said.

With chearfull speed away jack runs,
And with a book as fast returns ;
Enough she takes to fill the space,
The book he carries to its place :
His breech conceal'd, Jack ceas'd his woe,
And all things rest in statu-quo.

But evils seldom come alone,
As by the sequel will be shown.

One fatal morn at dawn of day,
When boy and matron both must pray ;

In honor of a fainted maid,
 A mass peculiar must be said.
 From out the box, the book they take,
 And sing a part—when lo a break.

All fore dismay'd the bretheren look,
 And turn from side to side the book,
 How to proceed—or who to blame,
 From whence the fragments to reclaim,
 Were points that baffled all their wit,
 When random chance the method hit.

Among them one of curious eye,
 Hap'd on Jack's breech, the patch to spy.
 He moves the book with solemn face,
 And Jack he lays up in its place,

With

With joy the brethren round him throng,
And from his bum pursue their song.

Jack passive lay and hid his face,
(But wish'd the saint was in his place.)
But oh ! full sure his lot was hard,
From self defence to be debarr'd,
For near the place from whence they sung,
A cruel wasp severely stung,
With patience he had born the smart,
While slowly they sung thro' the part ;
But to repeat it o'er again,
No flesh alive could bear the pain.

H

E

With

I can't, I can't, indeed says Jack,
And gave a kick that drove them back:
And e'er they could tell what to say,
The LIVING DESK was run away.

F I N I S.



5 AP 66

